

THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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REPLENISHING THE POLICE FORCE.

When the bill for the better protection of the President shall have become a law, the police officers now on duty at the White House will be replaced by soldiers of the regular army. In this way thirty men—two sergeants, and twenty-eight privates—will be restored to active patrol work. When it is considered that this means five per cent of the entire force of the District, the importance of this long-desired change to personal and property interests will be fully appreciated.

With every effort made by the District Commissioners to obtain from Congress additions to the police force attention has been called by them to the very large detail at the White House. The propriety of this detail has been recognized by everybody, but also the fact that the

elimination of thirty men from the ordinary duties incumbent upon a police force made the problem of guarding so large an area as the District with a comparatively small number of men an exceedingly hazardous one.

Additions to the force have always been gradually granted by Congress. In the estimates of the Commissioners now awaiting action a plea for an increase has again been made. It is again pointed out that it is practically impossible to give effectual protection to person and property with a force which is proportionately smaller than that of any other large city in the country. It is gratifying, therefore, to think that the return of the White House detail to patrol duty will in some measure supply the present deficiency.

THE LUNGS OF THE CITY.

It is a mistake to reserve too much of the space in public parks to grass and flowers, where the crowds cannot wander freely.

THE function of play in the normal development of children, and the value of recreation in preserving a well-balanced condition among people of all ages, have been little realized or appreciated, even by those who have the welfare of the people most at heart. The foundation principle of the Froebelian system of education is that it is not in directed study or work, but in play, that the natural faculties are best developed. This principle, in its application to tiny children, has been generally accepted, and the kindergarten is rapidly becoming an essential part of the educational system. But thus far adequate provision has been made only for the babies, while the older children, the youths just maturing into manhood and womanhood, and the grown-ups, weary with the daily struggle for bread, are neglected.

With the spread of broader views concerning what constitutes true education, we shall expect to see our city fathers providing public parks and playgrounds, and also gymnasiums with skilled instructors, to the end that the young and the old may receive the manifold benefits which such institutions confer.

Indoor gymnasiums might conveniently be constructed in connection with the public baths, and open-air gymnasiums in the public playgrounds. Such accommodations for the play of children, ample in size for the tributary juvenile population, should be within a half a mile of every home. While it is true that the most play upon the streets appeals to the eyes of the community, it is also true that the most play upon the streets appeals to the eyes of the community.

CHARACTER SHOWS IN SHOES

CHARACTER shows in shoes more than in anything else that people wear. Not only has the foot its own character, but the manner of wearing the shoes tells its story. A southern-made a furore at Newport last summer by telling fortunes and foretelling events by reading the lines in the soles of the feet. And the "fortune" may also be read from the foot when booted. It is asserted that criminals can never be deceived by a policeman in plain clothes for the reason that the feet of a policeman are unmistakable. Even the most cursory study will show that they all possess large unhandsome feet, and seem to wear shoes of a peculiar manufacture, light-toed, heavy, and ugly to look upon. Some have said that the feet of policemen are disguised by walking their heels so constantly; but postmen walk far more than policemen, yet they usually have small feet, perhaps because their movements are necessarily quick and springy.

The feet of waiters are unmistakable the world over, says a writer in the "New

The Letter "H."

The Rev. Mr. Geoffrey Hill is an Englishman who has advocated a most radical reform in the language of his native land. He declares boldly that the "h" should be abolished, and declares that sooner or later it will be left out of the English alphabet.

Everybody knows that for several generations in England the proper pronunciation of words containing this letter has been a shibboleth, and the man who dropped his "h" in the wrong place was also dropped from good society, or rather, kept out of it. If a reform can be instituted whereby nobody will pay any attention to "h's" it will make things much more comfortable for these people.

ple who leave their "h's" strewn all around the road were to be relieved from apprehension on that score, some other test would immediately be invented which would be harder for them to meet. A person of ordinary intelligence can, with care and determination, learn to pronounce his "h's" even if he has not been taught to do so in early life. It is true that even people with this education have, in moments of excitement, forgotten themselves and the important letter together, and revealed the secrets of their origin, as the penny-a-liner would say; but moments of excitement are not usual, and if fortune favors, may be kept private. There are worse things than faulty pronunciation of which one may be accused. If, for example, admission to good society in England depended on the possession of a thoroughly genteel nature, with a high standard of honor, generosity, and courtesy, combined with the possession of wealth, then it would be like the kingdom of heaven with a bank book attachment. It would be too good for earth.

KATHERINE BLOODGOOD

Since vaudeville became the fashion entertainers of more or less ability have chosen that means of livelihood and the stage has been overrun with nondescript performers. Trick bicyclists who formerly confined their exhibitions to a small section of the public thoroughfare now whirl around the stage for the delectation of amusement seekers; song and dance comedians flourish to a marvelous extent, and vocalists galore graduate from choirs, seminaries, and the operatic stage to the "two a day."

Of this latter class of entertainers the public has grown to be more or less suspicious for the reason that almost every school of vocalization that was ever organized and a great many that never were, are represented in the field of vaudeville. But every once in a while there comes a singer who by a beautiful voice and happy selection of songs disputes the theory that art—vocal art—is dead as far as the vaudeville stage is concerned.

Such a one is Katherine Bloodgood, who is billed as one of the headliners at Chase's this week, and whose rendition of three distinct classes of songs has proved so pleasing to those who have heard her.

Mrs. Bloodgood's voice is one of the kind of which is seldom heard outside the operatic and concert world, and, indeed, before she adopted the stage she was prominent in oratorio and concert work in New York and other large cities, but in view of the number of vocalists in that field and the dearth of really artistic singers in vaudeville she concluded to relinquish her other engagements and confine herself to a twice-a-day professional career.

There is nothing sensational about her work. She sings with her heart and head, and with a great, mellow, ringing voice to work with the results are, to say the least, pleasing. Her numbers include a semi-religious song, that wonderfully fascinating old ballad, "The Low-Backed Car," and "Dixie."

Other singers have attempted "Dixie" and have always depended on the waving of flags and a "tramp, tramp" up and down the stage for its success, but Mrs. Bloodgood sings the song in her own legitimate, effective, and inspiring way, which inclines the audience somewhat to the flag-waving habit.

Mrs. Bloodgood has been in vaudeville for two years. She has never been in opera. She declares that she has never been able to go abroad to study, for the reason that she has passed the enthusiastic student age which gives one the courage to live in a garret on bread and water for the sake of art. So she will continue to sing her stipulated numbers in vaudeville to an admiring American public, and a little later will sail for Europe, where she will fill engagements at the Berlin Winter Garden and at prominent London music halls.

Of late much space, in this and other journals, has been devoted to the project now under consideration, of beautifying Washington. It is one of the most praiseworthy projects ever conceived. This city is the Nation's Capital; we all take pride in it. Everyone who can, visits it. It has splendid possibilities. Sordid commercialism has not yet spoiled it; it has only been neglected. We have awakened to the necessity of fixing it up and taking advantage of those possibilities provided for us by nature, and the wise forethought of the fathers of our country.

Congress has wakened up; that generally lethargic body, when artistic matters are in question, has decided that something must be done. It has appointed a commission to take charge of the work; not a political commission, but one composed of the very highest talent in the world. It has placed that commission under the chairmanship of the man who gave to the World's Fair, and that alone would assure success, for Mr. Burnham never touches anything but that is a success.

These gentlemen have traveled and studied and labored. They realize our people are taking the foremost place in the world of commerce, therefore are we becoming a world power. Other nations realize it, too; they court our favor; they seek alliance with us; they send us important visitors to testify to their good will and "distinguished consideration." This commission rightly argues that since we have taken so exalted a place as a world power we cannot afford to have our capital rank below those of our generally outdistanced competitors. Washington must be as beautiful as Paris, as Vienna, as Berlin. We must not limit ourselves to a place with the bare necessities of a city for legislative purposes.

This feeling finds expression in the organization of that commission, but it is

Amusing Examination Papers.

The "New York Tribune" says: Visitors to the office of the regents at the noon hour, when the young women who are employed in this department are going out to luncheon, often overhear such mysterious remarks as these:

"One of mine today spoke of the three departments of State as the executive, the legislative, and those of our generally called one call a syndicate a large body of men entirely surrounded by money."

After each quotation the group would indulge in prolonged laughter, which even started a smile from the face of the overworked elevator man.

On enquiry, it would be found that these young women are employed to check the examination papers of pupils in the regent schools, and that their laughter is caused, first, by the natural impulse which a young woman may have to laugh, and second, because of the ludicrous answers which they find hidden away in the masses of papers which they are obliged to examine.

Some of the answers to questions given

TALES OF THE HOTELS

W. H. Crane's company has just completed a tour of New England which its members will not soon forget. The company visited a number of towns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts for the first time, and the experiences, sad to them at their occurrence, have taken on an amusing color with the flight of time.

Some of the hotels at which the company was compelled to stop were very bad. There was the hotel which was always out of roast beef, and in one house, to the young man who asked for eggs the waitress replied, "We're out," and then added confidentially: "You know eggs is pretty high just now."

The thing which "riled" Mr. Crane most of all occurred in a town in New Hampshire. He reached the hotel, after the performance, about twenty minutes past 11 o'clock. In getting his key, he asked the clerk to send him some hot water.

"Can't do it," that worthy replied. "Why not?" asked the comedian, looking up in surprise. "There's a troupe in town," replied the man behind the register, "and we are all out of pitchers."

At this a massive, burly, red-faced fellow who was trying to search himself at the office stove, uttered a loud guffaw. "What's the matter, Hank?" he yelled. "Be they rushin' the growler?"

Col. George Hinton, the Washingtonian who looks after the business interests of Sousa's band, while in the box office of the National Theatre last night, relating a few of the humorous incidents attendant upon touring the country with the band, mentioned an incident which, according to Mr. Hinton, occurred at Austin, Minn., a few weeks ago.

"When we reached Austin," said Mr. Hinton, "we found that there was but one first-class hotel in the town, and, of course, Sousa went there. When dinner was served the bandmaster was seated in the center of the somewhat large dining-room, and immediately became an object of interest to the other patrons of the hostelry.

The proprietor of the hotel had one of those penny-in-the-slot music boxes—a big one, but the music it furnished was simply abominable. There were a lot of traveling men in the lobby, and as soon as they saw Sousa seated they determined to have a little fun. Each secured a handful of pennies and played the machine. As luck would have it, one of the music sheets was Sousa's march "King Cotton," and the traveling men kept that one tune going over and over again, applauding vociferously every time the march was finished.

"Sousa stood it pretty well until the piece started on its twentieth turn, and then he jumped up and made his escape from the dining-room."

BEAUTIFICATION OF THE CAPITAL OF THE NATION

From the "Inland Architect and News Record."

OF late much space, in this and other journals, has been devoted to the project now under consideration, of beautifying Washington. It is one of the most praiseworthy projects ever conceived. This city is the Nation's Capital; we all take pride in it. Everyone who can, visits it. It has splendid possibilities. Sordid commercialism has not yet spoiled it; it has only been neglected. We have awakened to the necessity of fixing it up and taking advantage of those possibilities provided for us by nature, and the wise forethought of the fathers of our country.

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The New Bridges at Washington Should Not Be a Blemish to the City.

From the "Inland Architect and News Record."

not merely a spasmodic, passing whim. The evolution of the nation demands it. It is a natural growth. As we progress, or as we grow older, we seek for an individual expression of our natural tendencies toward luxury, refinement, a higher education, of our masses.

From time immemorial individuals who were favored by great fortunes or political power, as great merchants, financiers or rulers, have considered it their special privilege to devote their energies and wealth to the building of beautiful structures in the form of temples, churches, arenas, residences, palaces, monuments, aqueducts, and bridges, which were intended not only to gratify their own exalted tastes and desires, but were especially intended for the education and gratification of the multitudes who would see and gratefully appreciate the structures for centuries to come. As a result, today artists, students, and tourists are visiting Rome, Florence, Venice, and among the modern cities, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, London, and St. Petersburg. In the latter cities the highest executive authorities for centuries have regarded the beautification of their capitals as a most sacred trust and the highest mode of expressing their superior civilization.

Though the struggle for existence and the need and desire for dividends in each of these cities was and is great, yet the authorities do not permit greed to control, and allow the building of structures in rude and ugly nakedness for mere purposes of dividends, however powerful and wealthy the corporation. All new structures must harmonize with the existing highly cultivated sense of the beautiful. This not only expresses the demands of the authorities, but also of the people, who would not tolerate an administration that would permit the spoliation of their capital. The State is more powerful than a corporation, and should exercise its power for the public benefit. Emperors,

in the examination of pupils in the first year of the high school are given below for an illustration to show why all pupils do not attain 100 per cent:

"The Puritans were low-minded people. They would talk of nothing that was not true. They did not believe in enjoying themselves, and were most of the time."

"Deceitful was an old name for Satan. He may be found in some places in the Bible and in old books and pamphlets."

"Acheron was a place where Macbeth went frequently."

"The will-power of a cat is not fully developed except when you take it away from home. Then it wants to go back."

At the Church Fair,

"And haven't you got any more money?" asked the sweet young thing selling chances at the church fair.

"Yes, I've got a dollar," reluctantly admitted the unfortunate but truthful young man. "But I put it in the sole of my stocking before putting on my shoes, so as to have something to pay my car fare home."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Safety Matches and Medicine.

A peculiar accident happened on a street car the other day. A quiet passenger was jostled in a crowd, and all of a sudden flames burst out from his overcoat pocket, scaring all the other passengers and startling the man himself more than anyone else. The cause of the development was a mystery until it was found that the man had a box of safety matches in the same pocket with some throat tablets. The tablets were made largely of sugar and chlorate of potash, and when they rubbed against the box of safety matches the result was precisely the same as if the matches had done the same thing, only that it was rather more sudden and startling in its development. The moral seems to be that people who carry safety matches and throat tablets should be careful not to let them lie around loose in the same pocket.

not Anatomical. "I suppose you had to study anatomy as a preliminary to your art work."

"Hardly. Why, that would be a handicap. My business is to draw fashion-plate figures."—Chicago Post.

HOUSING THE POOR—The Question Is the Same the World Over.

If we were sole legislators of Britain for a single day we would make these slum lords skip.

By LORD ROSEBERY.

HOUSING of the poor is certainly a question of efficiency. You know what it is to feel below par; what can you think of a population that must always feel below par because of the environment in which it lives and in which it sleeps? You in Glasgow must know as much of this question as any city in the kingdom, because I think you have taken the lead in its reform. Now, in one sense, that is the most urgent of all questions, and in another sense it is not the most urgent, because it does seem as if the great development of motor power, locomotive power, might ultimately lead to a solution of the question of that question by which the working-man might easily and swiftly pass from his work in the town to a home in the country.

I believe that in the motive power that is being developed by strides and by bounds there is very likely lurking unforeseen a solution of the question. But there is one fundamental principle which I think may apply to it. It is that this is mainly a municipal question.

Every great town has its own separate difficulty in the housing of the poor, and I believe the principle on which you will best deal with it is the principle of handing over to the great municipalities even more extended and uncontrolled powers than they now possess for dealing with it. But on the other hand, it is the most urgent of questions, because each day the dwellings of our workmen are lowering the standard of our population, bringing infants into the world under horrible conditions—infants to grow up as citizens and subjects of an imperial race. Why, it is urgent also for this reason, that even if you were to have the best means of locomotion tomorrow it would not touch the question of the slums.

You know what slums are in Glasgow. There is a remarkable experiment, a remarkable system carried on by a gentleman in Glasgow, of whom I know nothing but what I have read. I mean Mr. Burns,

who has a system of lodging houses in Glasgow, the record of which is printed at the University Press in a most interesting book. Mr. Burns knows of places in Glasgow where the floors of houses are let out at a penny or two pence a place, so that anyone can lie down on his penny worth and all huddle together for warmth in a dense mass of struggling humanity till the morning comes. There are other places—he has not seen them, but he vouches for it—where the only accommodation given is a cord stretched across the room, on which men are privileged, on payment of a penny, to rest their arms and sleep standing. I do not see anything the least comic in it, but those who do might try the experiment for themselves this evening—may pay a penny for the privilege of resting their arms on this rope until the morning comes, when the landlord cuts the rope and there is an end of it.

Well, as far as I can judge, the Legislature has treated these slum landlords—slum lords, as they are called in London—with overgreat tenderness. They allow them to sell these unsanitary dwellings to the public authority at full value when they ought to be demolished and expropriated, and the land taken for what it is worth. There was a famous traveler who went through France just before the great revolution—Arthur Young. If you have not read his book, I recommend it to you. It is one of the most interesting books ever written. Arthur Young goes through great miles and leagues of land which should be bearing crops, but which, as it belonged to great princes and nobles, was only bearing game. At last he gets so exasperated that he bursts out in his journal and says: "Oh, if I were sole legislator of France for a single day I would make these great landlords skip!" And I must say where we see statements like these in Mr. Burns' book we feel inclined to echo the ejaculation, and say: "If we were sole legislators of Britain for a single day we would make these slum lords skip."

THE ART OF TRIMMING HATS WITH A VIEW TO MATRIMONY

A millinery school where brides learn to trim their headgear.

By CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

IN one of the uptown side streets there is a school for millinery. A number of large classes are busy there all the time. But all the girls who attend do not intend to practice millinery as a business. A goodly proportion come to study the art of trimming hats with a view to matrimony.

A girl is very often quite willing to buy her hats ready made or to have them made by the professional, so long as papa is willing to foot the bills; but when she looks forward to having another man pay for them the matter is different. In the first place, the young man in question has not invariably plenty of money to spend, and the girl knows very clearly that when he takes upon himself a wife he will probably have all he can do to buy the materials for the hat without paying for having it made.

So, if one sees an attractive girl go into the millinery school and blush when she asks the price of a course of lessons, it is likely that that girl is contemplating marriage at a not distant date. She stops blushing about it after she has taken a few lessons, and when she is tolerably well acquainted with her fellow-students she will talk quite freely of what "he" is like, of the things "he" wishes or disposes, and will give almost any other item of interesting information concerning "him."

Sometimes the girl begins her course in millinery when the wedding is still only a distant glow upon the horizon. She is the foreboding young woman who does not wish to be taken by surprise in case anything should occur to hurry up the festal day. Sometimes she does not enroll herself as a pupil until she comes to learn how to make hats and to prepare

her trousseau headgear at the same time. She finds she can have a much larger supply when she trims them herself than when she orders them at a shop.

Once in a while a prospective bride practices economy by having the bridesmaids' hats made at the school. She is especially likely to do this if she presents the bridesmaids with the hats. When there are three or four of these big picturesque constructions to be turned out and all are to be exactly alike, the bride-to-be is able to save money on both materials and making if she does them at the millinery school. Even if they are not all the work of her own hands, the other students can take a turn at them without rendering the charge for them abnormally heavy.

Of course, not all the amateur milliners who go to the school have marriage in definite contemplation. There are plenty of girls who want more hats than they can afford to buy, and these are very glad to learn to give a professional touch to trimmings and linings, puffs, and choux. The hats they turn out after a few lessons are very different in appearance from the home-made productions of the girl who has never attended the millinery school, but has followed her own taste.

Plenty of girls take lessons in dress-making with a view to making their own clothes before or after marriage. But dressmaking, while probably the most useful and money-saving knack one can acquire, is a tedious study compared with millinery. A handy girl does not have to take many lessons before she has learned the tricks of the hat trimming trade, and after that all she needs is practice and a fair amount of good taste to supply herself with many hats at little cost.

BUTTERFLY MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY

ALL England turns wonderingly, dazzled, bewildered, from the gleam of the jewels displayed by the Marquis of Anglesey, the "Butterfly Marquis."

It is really impossible to face the effulgence of those gems with comfort—as impossible as it was for the French to face the gleaming sword of the great ancestor of the Butterfly Marquis, the Earl of Ulster, who commanded the cavalry at Waterloo, and in that capacity scattered the hordes of Napoleon in many crushing charges.

The "Butterfly" is the fifth Marquis and the great-grandson of the Waterloo hero. His passion for jewels is the joy of the dealers, both in England and on the Continent. He has an income of \$500,000 a year, and can buy as many jewels as he fancies. To see the entire collection in its glory it is necessary to go to the seat of the Marquis, Anglesey Castle, where he has had the family chapel converted into a theatre, and where he banks in the limelight at his own expense and with every gem reflecting the rays of the calcium until the electric lights of the theatre turn dim with envy.

The Marquis is not a born actor, but

he is not subject to criticism as is the Theban who must act to live. In reality the theatre at Anglesey Castle is only used as a setting for the owner's wonderful jewels, and for that purpose it answers very well.

When away from home the Marquis carries his exquisite habits with him, and a large retinue of servants is always at his command. A minor hobby is perfumery. The rather small and insignificant personality of the Marquis is always redolent of the highest-priced perfumes to be purchased for money. When he is forced by the exigencies of traveling to stay at a hotel, one of his servants removes the common bed clothing and replaces it with white silk covering so highly perfumed that the entire house is filled with the aroma.

A valet, a hairdresser and a jewel keeper are a small part of the Marquis' bodyguard. A short time since the name of the Marquis was brought to the notice of newspaper readers in this country by reason of the fact that the keeper of the jewels interpreted his title in a too literal sense, and operated with about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of the Marquis' personal adornments.

HOME

Over the world come roam with me, Ishmael-like where the cactus tree, Silently stands in the waste of sand, Keeking a guard o'er the desert land.

Over the trail And the faint ones there Ever the sun With a brassy glare Blazes and flames from the sky above— Still there are hearts turning there with love.

Over the world come roam with me, Never a clime but shall cheerily Answer the pulse when comes ringing clear

Song of the lark or the chanticleer! Sounds and scenes In the well-known clime Warming the heart For the olden time.

Sun in the east to the evening gloam— This is the place that the heart calls home!

Shout for the joy of each white-capped crest, Over the world come roam with me, Light as the air, as the wind care-free; Run and play in the white sunshine, Rest in the shade of the giant pine.

Stray in the glade Where the blue-grass grows, Low in the breath Of the sweet wild rose, Pastoral scenes where the breezes fan, Larks gone asleep to the pipes of Pan.

Over the world come roam with me; Never a clime but shall cheerily Answer the pulse when comes ringing clear

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